

No context no information. Some of these poems come from back stories being drafted, and when ready, they'll be in the first section. The poems will then be the second section. Etymological notes the third section, and section four about law.

I started studying Law intensely in the spring of 2012. It was early on that I accepted Scripture as the one and only book of Law. As of this writing, I have read the Old Testament, and have started reading Romans in sequential order. It's all quite fascinating. History is being whitewashed, and there are indications for that. In The Bible, while there is a wealth of archeological evidence original Man was dark skinned.

Twenty and vint are about oxytocin release from... twenty second hugs, and a muse for a few months with whom several were shared. Then we drifted to a comfortable distance apart. Without mentioning that, it seems too cryptic to me. Count the syllables if you care to. I suspect that more verses are probable.

No perspective no objective. Gotta know where you are to know where you're going. Gotta know who you are to know how you can do that. Gotta know who's in charge to know what's in the way.

No Faith no hope.

Read on. Life goes on.

Soul of Mirror

My soul is a two-way mirror
Reflects your denial black
If you fear you might feel terror
If you love you might feel wetter
So I warn you the sun at my back
Do not peer inside too deeply
Who may be blinded by the cracks
Please let them by who wish to gaze
Please do not make them hesitate
Who face tempests yet still navigate
I this impart for your departure
With our fond farewell
I am not your island
I am not your shore
I am not your destination
I am not who you are looking for
Mine is not a soul of window
Not of stair and not of door
My soul is a two-way mirror
And it's you I hold it for

Vingt

Tout nos hiers accumulent
D'ou demain étend sa main
Portant à coeur une nuit blanche
Saisi en comptant jusqu'à vingt

Les étoiles dans une brume dissipent
Le soleil au travers revient
Ombrage frissonne qui anticipe
Atteindre le compte de vingt

La forêt sans nous murmure
Les prés sont toujours plus lointains
Un écho enchantant qui endure
Jusqu'au compte de vingt

Deux sentiers ce fauillent et ce croisent
Dessinant leur propres destins
Puis cette plume asséchera
Écrivant une dernière fois vingt

Mon Âme Miroir

mon âme est un miroir à deux senses
reflétant le secret que ton coeur pense
que ta peur déborde en terreur
que ton amour dévoile sa chaleur
méfie-toi du soleil à mon dos
mire mais sans réfléchir trop
qui serait aveuglé par une fente
prière prend pause me croyant lent
sachant leur malheurs qui arrêtent
le navigateur sûr même en tempête
je te confère ce court message
avant notre adieu civile
je ne suis pas ton île
je ne suis pas ton rivage
je ne serai pas à ton arrivé
je ne suis pas qui tu cherchiez
mon âme n'est pas de fenêtre
ni de marche ni de porte
mon âme est un miroir à deux senses
et pour toi mon coeur le supporte

Twenty

All our yesterdays will gather where
The next tomorrow anticipates
Till the count of twenty
Pleased to make tomorrow wait

Stars the fog feathers asleep
The sun pecks at the morn
Stills the count at twenty
That the breeze adorns

The forest murmurs long and sighs
The meadows sweep afar
Toll the count of twenty
The echo chimes au revoir

Two paths weave near and wander
Draw a destiny each
Then on the final twenty
Dry pens such lessons teach

Courage

encourage not the others
who will hoard their many gifts
pretending they're not treasures
lured and netted while adrift

take courage from no others
who will gather theirs from fear
their wisdom barely covers
harsh lessons from yesteryear

encourage by your presence
with an unexpected touch
then a nod a second glance
the sentiments left by such

take courage that your fortune
when you least expect or hope
will yield itself opportune
show you how and why to cope

encourage from experience
by the reasons you are you
hold temptation in the balance
grace the guest who earns their due

take courage from the youthful
however aged are their peers
read between the lines for signs
before they all disappear

encourage those who vex you
those who repeat the same mistakes
one day they might yet turn around
grateful you gave them a break

take courage from day to day
two souls glisten through the night
watchful before each awakens
to meet old friends in the light

Courage

donne courage à nul autres
qui partagent aucun cadeaux
qu'ils prétendent vouloir faire face
on ce souvient de leur dos

prend courage de nul autres
qui en on besoin par peur
leur sagesse les empêche
d'être ouvert avec leur coeurs

encourage par ta présence
par un geste inattendu
un doux regard un sourire vif
et le sentiment rendu

prend courage que tu es digne
de la bonne foi de l'étranger
il te montre ce dont tu puis
sans vouloir en profiter

donne courage à qui te blesse
qui t'offusque et qui t'acharne
ils te donnent ainsi la force
de les figer par ton charme

prend courage rendant hommage
à l'enfant grandi jamais
quoi que l'âge de l'adulte
quelque soi c'est maints regrets

encourage bien tes anciens
leur jours ce nombrent capricieusement
porte les tous dans ton coeur
honneur leur remerciement

prend courage de jour en jour
des âmes scintillent la nuit
veillant dans notre sommeil
le retour de vieux amis

Ce Long Silence

le silence est un langage
entre l'encre et la page
ce silence est un langage
entre la règle et la marge
et cela est un message
entre le mot et son usage

le silence est un langage
entre la glace et le barrage
ce silence est un langage
entre la rivière et le portage
et cela est un message
entre le vaisseau et le voyage

le silence est un langage
entre l'horizon et le paysage
ce silence est un langage
entre le repère et le passage
et cela est un message
entre la mer et le rivage

le silence est un langage
entre le pirate et le naufrage
ce silence est un langage
contre le pilot et le sauvetage
et cela est un message
entre le regard et le visage

le silence est un langage
entre la peau et le personnage
ce silence est un langage
entre le cœur et le courage
et cela est un message
entre l'amour et le partage

ce long silence est un langage
interrompu par mon chuchotage
et ce silence est un langage
répandu dans mon entourage
et cela est un message
gêner sou son camouflage

Ce Plus Long Silence

le silence est un langage
entre l'encre et la page
ce silence est un langage
entre l'ancre et la plage
et cela est un message
entre le miroir et le mirage

le silence est un langage
entre la règle et la marge
ce silence est un langage
entre le cursif et le lettrage
et cela est un message
entre le papyrus et le feutrage

le silence est un langage
entre le mot et son usage
ce silence est un langage
entre l'élève et l'élevage
et cela est un message
entre le statut et le dressage

le silence est un langage
entre la glace et le barrage
ce silence est un langage
entre le béton et le coffrage
et cela est un message
entre le niveau et l'étage

le silence est un langage
entre la rivière et le portage
ce silence est un langage
entre l'halte et l'ermitage
et cela est un message
entre le départ et son présage

le silence est un langage
entre le vaisseau et le voyage
ce silence est un langage
entre la voile et son ombrage
et ce silence est un langage
entre la toile et le tissage
car cela est un message
entre la barrure et le tricotage

le silence est un langage
entre l'horizon et le paysage
ce silence est un langage
entre le ciel et les nuages
et cela est un message
entre les barreaux de la cage

le silence est un langage
entre le repère et le passage
ce silence est un langage
entre ses chartes et Carthage
et cela est un message
entre l'honneur et l'outrage

le silence est un langage
entre la mer et le rivage
ce silence est un langage
entre les impressions et le collage
et cela est un message
entre le destin et le décalage

le silence est un langage
entre le pirate et le naufrage
ce silence est un langage
entre le trésor et le ravage
et cela est un message
entre le hasard et le triage

le silence est un langage
entre le pilot et le sauvetage
ce silence est un langage
entre le noeud et le cordage
et ce silence est un langage
entre le regard et le visage
car cela est un message
entre la sagesse et son âge

le silence est un langage
entre la peau et le personnage
ce silence est un message
entre le mal et le massage
et ce silence est un langage
entre le cœur et le courage
car cela est un message
entre l'amour et le partage

ce long silence est un langage
interrompu par mon chuchotage
et ce silence est un langage
répandu dans mon entourage
puis cela est un message
gêner son camouflage

Prolonged Silence

While in this prolonged silence
between a whisper and your ear
embarrassed to repentance
to have desired you appear

Yet silence is a measure
of the many ways to say
these words would be my pleasure
if only listening were your way

Then silence pirates sentiments
the treasure hoarded fast
sailing into the sunset
toward an island in the past

So in this prolonged silence
I wander under a vanished spell
smoothing out ambivalence
such no burden for me to quell

That silence is snapped to attention
as dawn breaks into day
setting you free my one intention
yet you've long since gone away

In melancholic silence
now swings the iron gate
hinges making no allowance
for the latch lifted too late

For in this prolonged silence
accustomed as I am today
you are a distant remanence
of rainbows' ends turned grey

The Language of Silence

Silence is a language
between sea and shore
the tide awash with memories
of rusted wrecks in foreign fjords

Silence is a language
between the crossing and the bridge
mirroring to fathom
what lies beyond the next ridge

Silence is a language
between snow and ice
blanketing the spawning ground
never the same way twice

Silence is a language
between the landscape and horizon
every corner every curve
traced by deeper passion

Silence is a language
between the foothill and the plain
gathering the living soil
spreading around the gain

Silence is a language
between the mountain and its peak
the crevasses that gather bones
of the unlucky and the weak

Silence is a language
between the heavens and the sky
clouding over sunsets
falling stars pass nigh

Silence is a language
between sleep and dreams
cuddle till you drift back
morning comes quicker than it seems

Elle

elle qui demeure sur une ruelle
assez loin de mon coeur
pour retrouver le bonheur
en attendant qu'elle appelle

mmm elle: ma pensé penche vers elle
du levé du soleil
les journées tous pareilles
au pied de la même échelle

oui elle... des semaines fixer sur elle
mais je ne la voie jamais
avec un seul regret
nous sommes tous deux fidèles

mais je la donne ci peut de chance
quand elle approche vite je m'élance
alors comment puis-je l'expliquer?
et comment puis-je la laisser?

et elle: un mystère et sa séquelle
un sentier que j'efface
mes pas que je retrace
seulement vue par le ciel

donc elle, une amie pour laquelle,
je m'angoisse de mon sort
un intouchable trésor
mais oh comme elle est belle

puis elle se donne ci peut de chance
quand je l'approche vite elle s'élance
alors comment puis-je l'expliquer?
et comment puis-je la laisser?

car elle, qui demeure sur une ruelle
assez proche de mon coeur
pour réjouir d'un bonheur
tel que bientôt je l'appelle

She

mmmmm,
she, who lives on a quiet street
far enough that my heart beat
taps the steps all down the hall
waiting so for her to call

and she whom toward all my thoughts lean
waking from a blurry dream
each and every day the same
turning circles in her game

oh she who pinned me to the night we met
scribbled a note to not regret
that we stay faithful yet not near
then let a month become a year

yet here I leave her so little room
were she approaching before I'm seen
how to explain the feelings I mean
swept off by a wistful broom

yes she who lingers in my every wish
anyway that it might take
a meal prepared without a dish
our plans all falling like snow flakes

Is she a treasure map and where it leads
a path erased as it is laid
steps retraced through a parade
crumbs no hunger that can feed?

yet here I leave her so little room
were she approaching before I'm seen
how to explain the feelings I mean
swept off by a wistful broom

so she a friend of whom I doubt yet crave
to hold a place for in my heart
to feel the joy there at the start
in a memory that I've saved

oh she a sequel to a mystery
a canvas poets decorate
a sculpture chiselled while I wait
a song bemusing poetry

yet here I leave her so little room
were she approaching before I'm seen
how to explain the feelings I mean
swept off by a wistful broom

for she who lives on a quiet street
close enough that my heart beat
might reach outside these walls
that soon she might expect a call

plagiarist poet prostitutes
lies absent lovers tell
rimes over hollow substitutes
chimed by distant bells

Society requires many
The tribe requires few
Conspiracy requires three
The master requires you

poème perdu
cherche un écrivain
pour reprendre souffle
et compléter son destin

récompense offerte
pour remplir les blancs
rien gagé rien perdu
sous-entendu et franc

ci trouvé ajouter
une imprime de votre être
un image de votre journée
de l'autre côté de votre fenêtre

poème perdu
dernièrement vu
effacé au fur et à mesure
pénitence pour qui ramasse
les mots en place

ci trouvé
laissez trainer
pour qui remue les ordures
remerciant qui retrace les blancs
et leur donnent sense

lost poem
last seen erased
without a trace
as in a dream

reward offered
reworded preferred
a saving grace
it would seem

if found
leave around
give thanks
for filled-in blanks
and what they mean

lost poet
last seen
listing on a sea of dreams
least mistaken
lest he waken
to fools and screams
lusts and leisures
lures and fetters
for muses their memes

poète perdu
dernièrement vu
la ou l'oubli règne

c'il vous approche
mains dans ses poches
étudiant vos souliers

rien ne presse
que ceci cesse
comblé il partira

comme toutes les fois
même c'il vous vois
qu'il vide son coeur qui saigne

le réfléchi
toujours gâchis
la parole envolé

et c'il écrit
tout son récit
sa muse s'en endormira

poète distrait tout simplement
continuera spontanément

Après mille et une excuses
autant de calculs incertains
je compte sur toi être ma muse
durant plusieurs lendemains

Quelle grâce ton role fragile
il suffit de ne faire rien
est-ce insulte car trop facile?
est-ce imposer un chagrin?

poète ambivalent,
contemple une muse, cependant...

suite d'un manque d'effort
et nos intentions confuses
sou le fardeau de ton sort
s'écroule ton rôle de muse

car je bâti un mur pour moi
mais je m'en cache la porte
toi celle du dehors tu vois
n'autrement tu te comportes

tout nos chagrins qui endurent
qui se sèment de c'être séparé
de notre toute première nature
et de famille digne d'étranger

ton miroir ne fait face qu'à toi
à l'autre bord de fenêtres fermé
ton apparence est bien ton choix
tes deux côtés que tu as dévoilé

Boîte Vocale

bonjour chère boîte vocale
excuse de te déranger
quelque chose qui m'achale
je te demande corriger

je dois admettre ma gêne
t'ayant parlé qu'une fois avant
ta réponse m'a fait de la peine
un silence plutôt béant

et puis chère boîte vocale
qu'aimerais-tu écouter?
suis-je pour toi juste trop banale
clochant contre ta sérénité?

mon malheur chère boîte vocale
c'est que de toi impossible une réponse
je mentirais te dire ca m'est égale
mais ton voeux est celui que je prononce

donc vois-tu la nature
de mon dilemme délicat?
j’espère mais rien n’assure
que tu m’entendras

alors chère boîte vocale
ce court poème te remerciant
ta parole chaque fois est finale
la mienne termine en souriant

Voice Mail

Well hello dear voice mail
so sorry to trouble you
it’s in your tone for it entails
the lapse between us grew

I must admit embarrassment
we’ve spoken but once before
your answer stirred up torment
gaping like an open door

So tell me dear voice mail
what would you like to hear?
I hope that I’m not boring you
the message isn’t clear

Misfortune mine dear voice mail
that yours is to hold your peace
it isn’t you whom my words fail
it isn’t you whom they displease

So now you see from in the middle
when meeting face to face
is but a rhyme wrapped in a riddle
another time another place

In closing oh dear voice mail
quick thanks for being there
this poem to what avail?
to know that I once cared?

Petite Femme Âgée

petite femme âgée
attenda au coin de la rue
que la lumière change
jeune homme apparu
gentiment il demande
puis-je vous escorter?
certainement jeune homme elle répond
sur le vert ils commencent à marcher

puis elle le remercie
rendu à l’autre coin
il n’y a pas de quoi madame
ils continuent chacun leur chemins

petite femme âgée
attenda au coin de la rue
que la lumière change
jeune homme apparu
gentiment il demande
puis-je vous escorter?
certainement jeune homme elle répond
sur le vert ils commencent à marcher

rendu de l’autre bord
il la demande un pourboire
mais comme vous êtes effronté
en retour je vous dit au revoir

petite femme âgée
attenda au coin de la rue
que la lumière change
jeune homme apparu
gentiment il demande
puis-je vous escorter?
certainement jeune homme elle répond
sur le vert ils commencent à marcher

en plein milieu de la rue
jeune homme soutire sa sacoche
voleur se fil à pleine course
et garde les piastres dans sa poche

petite femme âgée
de retour chez elle
raconte sa journée
les rencontres et leur séquelles
que voulons-nous de monde?
à quoi pouvons-nous nous attendre?
la foi flotte ou le doute l’inonde
l’imprévu qui nous force à apprendre

Little Elderly Woman

Little elderly woman
at the street corner stands
waits for the light to change
approaches a young man
may I escort you to the other side?
why thank you young man, she replies.

Upon the other side be reached
little elderly woman thanks him
young man blushes his simple gesture
for it was only given
she smiles he nods
they carry on their way
one sun upon them shone
unveiled for all the day.

Little elderly woman
at the street corner stands
waits for the light to change
approaches a young man
may I escort you to the other side?
why thank you young man, she replies.

Upon the other side be reached
little elderly woman thanks him
young man seeks from her a quarter,
she’s affronted sadness brims
oh no she says, and why would you ask
for recompense that your offer masked?

Little elderly woman
at the street corner stands
waits for the light to change
approaches a young man
may I escort you to the other side?
Why thank you young man, she replies

Before the other side be reached
young man snatches her purse
thief, thief, someone stop him,
to bystanders she beseeched
he races they watch — which is worse?
he's left her there to chagrin

Little elderly woman
at the street corner stood
waited for the light to change
pondering evil and good
looking for and seeing
the righteous or the wise
though faith might lighten the cross we bear
we yoke ourselves to it by lies

Get born
Then birthed
Land in shit
For all you're worth
Grow a bit
Go to school
Repeat after me
The golden rule
You were attorned
They sold your soul
Can you buy it back
Before you're old?
You're seen as cargo
On the citizenship
Your Birth Certificate
A warehouse slip
Suffer means
To allow
Their letters spell
And curse you now

Seek first cure
Not remedy
Maintain lack
Of legal memory
All you touch
You cannot own
Your heart your soul
Your blood your bone
Your person is
The property
Of your status
And identity
Play out your role
Mistake your rank
In society
Run by the banks
This fiction hails
From paradise
Their common root
Traduced device
Grow up
Get a job
Grant government
To thereby rob
Job's root
Persecution
A righteous death's
Elocution
Government
Guides the lie
Parliament
Speaks not why
They're engaged
In usufruct
Mortgage your life
Then you're fucked
All their paper
Is mercantile
If you novate
If you consent
Endure their guile
Application
Means to beg
For fickle chains
And fettered legs

Licence means
To pay to sin
Tribute to
The Vatican
The king's dignity
To secure his whim
To register
Means give to him
Your rights are gone
That you sit on
So pay your tax
And don't look back
Or pay the fine
Like that was cool
Are you blind
Or just a fool?
Repeat after me
The golden rule

poète indécis attend un signe de Dieu
pour franchir l'étape du regard dur des yeux
quelle profondeur la plongé pour
toucher le nombril de l'âme?
quand respirer en calme
et en finir avec le drame?

poète imprime sur chemise
saisi un oeil par cette devise
laissant tomber une dernière excuse
l'inscrit dans le role de la muse
car sans donner souffle à la parole
chaque instant offert c'efface bémol

La planète est ronde d'ou la vie abonde
et que le ciel entour librement chaque jour
Le monde est carré n'existe que sur papier
liant tout mensonge que le mal rallonge

The earth is round where life abounds
and watchful is the sky
The world is square a paper snare
Instilling each day the lie

Four Questions

Who am I but a child of Yah and a son of man, shaking my own
faith without merit in the upper hand?

Who am I but a love lost soul and a sail on the mend, listing on
a sea of heartbreak toward uncertain ends?

Who am I but an aging fool and a boy in the band, playing
songs of innocence if no one takes a stand?

Why am I here, the tired refrain, being ever so bold, if I wish to
save another soul must I accept to feel their pain?

Why am I here, and is the answer ever the same, if I look to find
salvation when I need more to feel shame?

Why am I here, and what can be more plain, if I stare truth in
the face and only see someone else to blame?

What can I hope for when I doubt and I deceive, when my truths
are all mistaken from the follies I believe?

What can I hope for when I suffer what I dread, when I turn my
spirit against itself by the turmoil in my head?

What can I hope for when I confound what I read, when the
turbulence of living forms from words I never said?

What ought I to do without knowing right from wrong, absent till
the morning and daydreaming the whole day long?

What ought I to do when my compass turns me 'round, and the
map that I rely on steers me toward unsettled ground?

What ought I to do when my heart beats not for Him, when it
beats not for the stranger even for the one within?

Quatre Questions

Qui suis-je qu'un enfant de Yah et un fils de l'homme,
comptant sur la foi aveugle pour soulager mes peurs?

Qui sui-je qu'un âme mélancolique et une feuille d'automne,
effacé du dessin au moment d'atteindre pleine couleur?

Qui suis-je qu'un anciens recherchant Son royaume
acharné dans ce monde jusqu'au moment que je meurt?

Pourquoi suis-je ici dans un monde tout à l'envers,
un fantasme du paradis dévoilé comme n'étant que l'enfer?

Pourquoi suis-je ici la réponse me hurle dans la face,
suspendu dans une brume flottant au bord de la glace?

Pourquoi suis-je ici que pour la gloire de l'Éternel,
qui me rendra bien mon sort à mon arrivé au ciel?

Que puis-je espérer quand je souffre ce qui m'ennui,
durcissant mon coeur contre les secrets inouï?

Que puis-je espérer quand je confond ce que j'ai lu,
quand les mots clochent dans l'oreille même ci non voulu?

Que puis-je espérer quand je déçois ceux qui endure
les questions empilé dans l'ensemble de mes ordures?

Alors que devrais-je faire connaissant le bien du mal,
distrain du début dans la folie de l'homme de paille?

Alors que devrais-je faire quand mon compas moral
me détourne dans un champs de merde de pute royale?

Alors que devrais-je faire, mon coeur durci contre le Seigneur,
autant pour l'autre étranger, que celui de l'intérieur?

Conte tes mensonges à toi-même
ils indulgent tous tes caprices

Conte les chaque jour de ta vie
pousse ta chance au précipice

Conte tes mensonges aux étrangers
combien penses-tu vont en rire?

Conte les tous à ta famille
mais commence avec le pire

Conte tes mensonges à tout tes amis
avant qu'ils t'abandonnent

Conte tes mensonges comme une habitude
sans prétendre qu'on te pardonne

Conte tes mensonges au Seigneur
dirais-tu qu'Il t'écouterà?

Conte tes mensonges sans relâche
une seconde mort t'attendra

Conte-moi tes mensonges aucunes chances
je connais tes conneries mieux que tu penses

Conte-moi tes mensonges aucunes chances
le respect s'écroulera dans la balance

Conte-moi tes mensonges pas possible
pourquoi faire de toi-même ma cible?

Conte-moi tes mensonges pas possible
pourquoi t'empêches-tu d'être libre?

Conte-moi tes mensonges pas faisable
revient-moi quand tu sera parlable

Conte-moi tes mensonges pas faisable
qu'est-ce qui te fait ci irresponsable?

Conte tes mensonges au Seigneur
quelle astuce quel orgueil dévastateur

Conte tes mensonges à l'Éternel
tu perdras ta place au Ciel

Lie to yourself all you can all you must
deny vanity and greed

Lie to yourself every day every week
spitting out such bitter seed

Lie to yourself to your friends and family
shame will yet visit the proud

Lie to yourself to avengers to counsellors
blame victim victor and crowd

Lie to the stranger even the fool
do you have nothing to lose?

Lie to the stranger the young or old
has it mattered which you chose?

Lie to yourself on your bed of thorns
bleed yourself dry if you dare

Lie to yourself in your hopes and your dreams
Not to pry into your affairs

Lie to me you can't you give yourself away
I know you too well for that

Lie to me you can't I watch you like a hawk
ready to snuff out a rat

Lie to me you can't reckless if you scheme
hold your tongue not I my breath

Lie unrepentant to your Maker
and invite the Second Death

Ci par le sort
j'ai tombé mort
Voilà bien mon cercueil
Faites vous en pas
N'étant plus la
Vanité des vanités, folie et orgueil

Soyez triste soyez sage
Tournez la terre
Tournez la page
Plantez une vivace sur mon calvaire

Venu par les nuées du ciel
J'ai pris premier respire
L'Éternel béni pour son désire
Du pays où coule le lait et le miel

Ai-je une fois dit
Qu'un guide je suis
Assis sur mon fauteuil?
Hors mes trajets
Digne de rejet
Vanité des vanités, folie et orgueil

Votre tour plus tard
Le mien j'ai pris
Pour mon départ
La leçon que j'ai compris

La vie ne cesse quand crève la chaire
Retenez donc vos soupîres
L'Éternel béni pour son désire
Est-ce ci difficile pour vous Le plaire?

Ci vous lisez
Ces mots visés
Que le ciel ouvert vous accueil
Seul Son amour
Est à toujours
Vanité des vanités, folie et orgueil

Ci mes affaires
Par maladresse
Tire de l'arrière
Allumez un joint et lâchez le stresse

Mettez l'effort pour faire votre deuil
En profondeur non en duré
Sans sueur et sans curé
Vanité des vanités, folie et orgueil

In the event that I have died
Please don't worry, but if you cry
Just bury the body, and don't ask why
Vanity of vanities, foolish pride

I came from cloud but whither I go
Is mine to do not yours to know
That I recall wherefrom began
To turn a spirit into a man

Straightway some will disagree
That what I say just cannot be
That sure as day I have it wrong
But while they live, may they live long

I never asked to serve as guide
From where you hail to where I stand
The path to follow is out of hand
Vanity of vanities, foolish pride

Behold three means to lengthen life
Whether these bring grace or strife
Through spirit, flesh, or memory
Some truths are ugly that set us free

Your time will come as mine is passed
So profit your brethren until the last
The need to lead implies demand
Not for who wallow or who command

If this you read because I died
With my affairs in some disorder
Imagine had I been a hoarder
Vanity of vanities, foolish pride

If I forgave and you forgot
I spare you of this petty blot
Excuses yoked to living souls
Burn bridges down to smoke and coals

Eternal peace resides within
Yet mar this gift with ample sin
Was mine to do as from the start
My day did come to cleanse my heart

These words prepared before I died
Leave nothing hid between the lines
Just bury the body and I'll be fine
Vanity of vanities, foolish pride

The World

The world cares not for the planet I love
From the bottomless pit to the One above
Come in a cloud twisting thoughtlessly from truth
Blessing the cursive through the scribbles of youth
The world illustrates the state of repair
Of the breach that widens with none to compare
The walls and the fences and the gates shut tight
The travels through wonder and dread in the night

The world was surrendered before we were born
To the evil within from the good we attained
But blame not the devils or the adversary wins
And may the soft heart atone for all of its sins

The world is square: ink sentenced to dead paper
The order, the rule, the margin for error
The blood of their rituals dripping from the child
Only one fossil people remains in the wild

The world casts its shadow before the steps we take
To an uncertain future first we cut to the chase
For the person of the man is nothing but a fake
A counterfeit, a fiction, a mask over his face

The world is a sham our shame a veneer
A slick fat old lie enveloping fear
The sidewalks cobbled from riddles in rubble
Where double-crossing runs us straight into trouble

The world is for fools for daydreamers and for whores
Turning tricks of the eye luring through open doors
The old master's blackboard whitewashes ashes from chalk
Where the words of the prophets are spelled out by cheap talk

Wherever this will lead that you believe
The walls, and the bridges, and pits
Shall either stand, or rot, or deepen

Whoever is behind this will deceive
With secrets, and mazes, and whit
Shall lurk, double-cross, and weaken

Whatever the will suffers to achieve
Through tears, cries, and sweat, and vomit
Endures as the master harkens

Whenever this is the now for reprieve
the proud shall be driven to stoop
For their sins to be forgiven

However we are hindered and aggrieved
By demons, dark angels, and dupes
The repentant fulfill heaven

meet me in the middle

meet me in the middle
journey from near or far
whisper me in riddle
intimating who you are

meet me in the morning
and face me eye to eye
if I hug you without warning
will a kiss be your reply?

meet me under noon sun
pleasing to wait for rain
tell me where you've come from
entrust me with your pain

meet me for an early supper
to savour a cobbled meal
if we get down to bread and butter
will you tell me how you feel?

meet me in the middle
we can join or we can part
either way the thought is wishful
to know the end before the start

meet me round about sunset
we'll gather together sticks
to kindle the reason we met
feed the fire we cannot fix

meet me when the stars align
we can wonder what it means
waiting for confirming signs
in their twinkles and their beams

meet me with your heart and soul
meet me on our common ground
tell me tales from days of old
enchant me with your voice's sound

meet me in the middle
leave a mark along the path
love me even just a little
hope will grace the other half

De Toutes Les Couleurs

Ces mots réduisent en noir et blanc
un arc-en-ciel de sentiments
qui se reposent à l'horizon
de la bonne foi de leur leçon
qui essouffle l'homme dans le garçon

Les larmes de l'Éternel comblé en tombant
de Ses yeux qui inspirent dorénavant
j'étant à l'aveuglette ma main
la brise un bise vers le destin
les gouttes m'enrobent comme un câlin

nuit d'été dévoile son charme sans pareille
nul sait quelle étoile rend l'une chance sur mille
un soupçon dans ta voix de sa pleine saveur
mes yeux en ont vu de toutes les couleurs

suit l'automne sur un sentier du boisé
sentiments comme les feuilles tombé
longue histoire la séquelle du raconteur
mes yeux en ont vu de toutes les couleurs

par un trottoir parsemer d'étranger
prétendant secrètement leur charité
ton visage fondant de l'amour dans ton coeur
mes yeux en ont vu de toutes les couleurs

ma parole étouffe avec chaque respire
manquant de volonté ou de désire
à travers les cieux aussi loin que ton coeur
mes yeux en ont vu de toutes les couleurs

les jours deviennent des mois qui s'enchainent
l'espoir d'un rendez-vous qui traîne
je me contente de te porter dans mon coeur
qui a bien embrouillé toutes ces couleurs

La Leçon

Le coeur en amour avec le Créateur
Accepte la folie et l'orgueil du confrère
Lui montre la sagesse qui instruit par peur
Agissant de justice pour la loi du Père

Le coeur de l'homme médite sa voie
Mais c'est l'Éternel qui dirige ses pas

Le coeur naif est une terre riche
Pour les semences favorites du satan
Tout nos pêchés y sont multiplié
La ou on laisse jouer nos enfants

Le coeur de l'homme médite sa voie
Mais c'est l'Éternel qui dirige ses pas

La foi affaibli par doutes et jalousies
N'avance qu'en tournant en rond
Elle ce fait cibles pour un sort terrible
Un cercueil toujours plus profond

Le coeur de l'homme médite sa voie
Mais c'est l'Éternel qui dirige ses pas

La foi trahi par calomnies
Sans cesse répète ses mensonges
Rien ne protège du pêcheur son sortilège
Que sa folie endurci et rallonge

Le coeur de l'homme médite sa voie,
Mais c'est l'Éternel qui dirige ses pas

Le ciel fut ouvert par le sacrifice
Par le sang qui coula de sa peau
Tel est l'histoire du Fils
Cela était son fardeau

Le coeur de l'homme médite sa voie,
Mais c'est l'Éternel qui dirige ses pas

The Lesson

The heart that seeks grace from above
Resists the strife from shameless men
shows wisdom is born of holy fear
Strides for righteousness through love
Asks not whether knows not when
Searches the ways for salvation is near

Though man may plot out his course in his heart,
The Almighty directs his steps from the start

The naive heart provides the grounds
by sowing seeds of sinful trees
spreading the manure of foolish pride
where children play and run around
mistaken that they're running free
the harvest thereby multiplied

Though man may plot out his course in his heart,
The Almighty directs his steps from the start

The faith that is shaken by envy and doubt
To the ankles clasps its own fetters
With muddled heart darkened in vain
Ignoring the watchman's trumpet and shout
Idols the mark of all debtors
Profits to merchants of war and pain

Though man may plot out his course in his heart,
The Almighty directs his steps from the start

The hope for paradise here on earth
Is unfounded from reading Scripture
While fiction at the root means the same
You can argue this for all your worth
Turn your eyes away from the big picture
You will only have yourself to blame

Though man may plot out his course in his heart,
The Almighty directs his steps from the start

For the kingdom of the Son of man
Is not of this world was his word
It's a kingdom found only within
Search out your heart search all you can
With ears to hear have you heard?
When will you atone for your sin?

Though man may plot out his course in his heart,
The Almighty directs his steps from the start

Do You?

do you know who you were?
did you feel so inclined
to be marked by a calendar
where the new year aligned?

do you know who you were?
was it through love or fear
that you came to remember
how to shed the veneer?

do you know who you were?
did you witness or chose
to be him who seeks her?
or be her he should lose?

do you know who you are?
if I told you a truth
would you give me a stare
and insist there's no proof?

do you know who you are?
do you mind if I say
that the lie goes so far
as to make you a slave?

do you know who you are?
I ask as I did myself
from a yearning in my heart
searching books on any shelf

do you know who you are?
is a question of law
will it be peace or war
present you throat or claw?

do you know who you are?
have you looked deep inside?
for you whence crossed the bar
where's beyond foolish pride

do you know who you are?
I exhort you to strive
to cement in the answer
while you're yet quite alive

do you know who you are?
I will ask once again
can't you show me one scar
that reveals now for then?

Abracadabra is the magic word. In Hebrew it means Happened as spoken. It's a blessing.

But only the Creator can create, and we cannot; nor can we invent, because there truly is nothing new under the sun.

Man can manufacture, assemble, build, construct, devise, engineer, fabricate, make, orchestrate, produce, repair, but that's it, or the like.

The etymon of a word is its source meaning.

Words are elastic -- they rebound upon impact; they can be stretched and deformed, but retain their sense from the source.

Terms are plastic -- they do not rebound upon impact; when they are stretched and deformed they become isolated from the source by peculiar massaging, or moulding and setting.

The alphabet is from the Hebrew alpha and bet, the first two letters of theirs.

The noun letter is far more recent, though of uncertain origin, perhaps via Etruscan from Greek, though confirmed in Latin.

Chronological order of word meanings is paramount in Law -- first in time, first in line.

Law comes from the Lawgiver.

The Lawgiver is above the Law.

The Law was set from the beginning.

The Law is immutable and perpetual.

Law means order.

Law is the set of principles for conduct between Yah's rational creatures, expressed in the form of commandments, commands, judgments, statutes, ordinances, precepts.

Everything below Law is by-law in code, or the collection of Man's law.

That pretended law is the masterful use of magical language. Magistrate does not come from magic -- it comes from master. It's simpler to be the master of magic, than to issue the magic of mastery.

Lawyer's used to be known as grammarians. The grammar and syntax applicable to the two terms master and magic provides the direction for the sense they more elegantly display, displacing the other as frivolous, and its pretence as the primary meaning a vexation.

Man's law is nothing but the commercial codification of the master/slave relation rooted in the Babylonian Talmud, which says that pedophilia is legal. This world is run by pedophiles. Pedophiles are controlled by shame. Shame assures the agenda is carried out.

The master is a slave to his role, while the slave is master of his.

Lawful control is from an act of the Creator.

Legal control is from any action by government consented to in violation of the Laws of the Creator the Lawgiver.

It does not matter if no one in government accepts the Laws of the Lawgiver, so long as government states it gets authority from the Lawgiver. The supremacy of the Creator the Lawgiver is explicit in Canadian government legislation, and UK Parliament legislation applicable to Canada and to Canadians.

Knowledge is certainty of the possible.

Faith is the will to achieve the possible, however improbable.

Belief is confusing the impossible for the possible.

Skepticism is confusing the possible for the impossible.

Etymologically, for what, when, where, and why, we see who for their Proto Indo-European root. The Bible says we will all be deceived with significant contextual elbow room for interpretation. The deception is not and cannot be over what is

Moral, or what we *ought* to do. The deception is over who was in charge in a time and place.

From Scripture as I understand it today, Yehovah/Yah ceased to strive for Man after numbering our years on earth at 120, turned over the world to Satan, sent His only begotten son to redeem our sins and establish His kingdom, which is not of this world, and establish it forever. After death in the flesh we must atone to ascend to heaven, or suffer the Second Death, which is the end of things for that once living soul. This world is where every sin under the sun is there to tempt us.

Heaven did not begin as Yehovah's home — that's its most recent meaning.

The etymon of sky is to cover, to conceal, later a cloud, and a replacement for the word heaven, which has the same meaning. So what's concealed by or about heaven?

The etymon of paradise is to form a wall around. So it was a gated community, which is voluntary confinement, and for which we see dough, itself meaning to mould out of clay.

The etymon for fiction is essentially the same.

So is paradise a fiction because the etymon's of both require to see dough as a common root?

The letter J is rooted in Spanish to bridge the consonantal inflection of y words. Spain was for a time Muslim, from liberation from Church of Rome tyranny. It is home of Marano Jews who converted to Catholicism to save their asses from the resident despots.

Myth is anything delivered by word of mouth, and is of uncertain origin...

City was first used to refer to the inhabitants, and not the place, while the etymon for city is to lie, bed, couch, rest, and further for which we see cemetery, which only came to mean burial ground with early Christian writers.

The etymon of church is Zodiac, from kirk, meaning circle, and from which we get circus. If people ask me if I go to church I say "No I don't consult the Zodiac."

The etymon for the noun See is the papal throne of the Antichrist. Well would ya look at that...

Person comes from persona, the mask an actor wears. As such you *are* not a person -- you *have* a person. Your person exists as a legal fiction. Your person is a designation of status in an ordered society. It is an adjectival noun. It's one of the most if not thee most important key for legal magic to work at all.

For rectum see regal, thus royal, regent, regency, regime, regimen, regiment, region, regular, regulate, Reich, and reign, but more loosely register, which ultimately means to transfer Title to the king. So when you think you're buying a car and you register the vehicle, you're abandoning all pretence of ownership.

So while every king and queen has an asshole, that doesn't mean they have to act like one, but if the shoe fits... King is either from ruler of the people, or of noble birth. Either way, when the people ask for a king they get the tyrant they deserve, with exceptions as rare as shit that don't stink.

The problems with kingship are legion, particularly since the main qualification is only having royal parents who fucked.

Fuck is the all-time taboo word, which makes it somewhat difficult to trace, but seems of Scandinavian origin, which might have to do with what to do during those long cold snowy Scandinavian winters, or which might have something to do with this world being run by pedophiles, as previously stated, but not to beat-off a dead horse.

The noun sex is definitely of unknown origin, which might make some wonder how exactly we got here, and whether Adam and Eve came into existence exactly the way the Bible states, which is invariably a simplified explanation.

The etymon of black is the same as for bleach, meaning to whiten. It's a cursed word. No man or woman of colour is black. Their skin is tones of brown. It has a baseline of continuous melanin activation. Everyone has melanin -- in our eyes, hair, skin, and brains. Some can't use it.

So called Whites? We're 15% of the earth's population, and we're not white — we're deluded. We're albinos. There are at least seven levels of albinism. Albinism is from mutation that

selectively prevents melanin activation. Only in the last two to three centuries have albinos achieved world domination over original Man. History has been getting whitewashed.

According to The Book of Jasher, we were visited by the Watchers, a race of blond light skin beings who lusted after women of men of God, and begat sons and daughters in their own image. Therefor there was a dominant genetic compatibility. Gee I wonder how that came about...?

In Moral terms, good is a pure means, while evil is simply a means to an end.

Evil has always meant evil, but only since Middle English has it been considered a Moral quality distinguished from bad which then and since has been expanded outside any Moral consideration, while both are the opposite of good.

Philip Zimbardo suggests the first step toward evil is mindlessly taking the first step. I suggest that first step is thoughtless vanity. The ultimate evil is simply control.

The etymon of good has nothing to do with Morality, but simply means what fits together, what's suitable.

Man is good because the penis of the male fits in the vagina, or the mouth, or the buttonhole of the female, as is or ought to be her pleasure, generally, but with exceptions.

Man is also good because the words of the female fit in the ear of the male, generally, and hopefully the brain also, but with exceptions, or the penis of the male shall stay in his pants, or he shall go play with himself in his corner, or he might violate and transgress and one may only hope, incur the consequences thereof.

Penis is not from penitence or vice versa, which is not a reason for not being ashamed of where boys and men might and do stick it in moments of weakness or debauchery.

The etymon of bad is an orphan — it has no tie to any other language.

What is well is in a satisfactory manner rooted to the verb to wish, for which we see the verb will, itself meaning roughly the same.

The word man and the word mean are of the same family, kissing cousins and not at the same time...

The etymon of family is also an orphan of unknown origin, and means a servant of a household, a slave. There are no family names in the Bible, unless some Roman compound names are as such.

The Etymon of infant is not to speak, which is made up for with hollering and screaming.

The etymon of host is uninviting, because although it means lord of strangers, it also means army, and sacrifice.

The etymon of guest is both provision for reciprocal hospitality and enemy...

The etymon of lady is bread-kneader, and that of lord is one who guards the loaves.

Everyone who has a friend knows what it means to have a friend, but not everyone knows what friend means at the root, which is to love.

Friendship is the state of being friends, from the word forming element -ship, whose root is different from that of the noun ship.

Friendship is not sink or swim.

To reprieve is to take back to prison, to spare the prisoner from the executioner.

To suffer means to allow, and its etymon is to carry under.

There's nothing special about the etymon of special — special is only better than ordinary, unusual, particular.

What might be funny about the etymology of laugh is pronouncing its Old Church Slavonic cognate wrong, or pronouncing it right.

The etymon of weird is weird, but not by meaning strange, but because it's to control one's fate, to turn (twist), to bend (to bind).

The etymon of nice is dull.

Stink in Old English meant to smell sweet.

The etymon of irony is not ironic, it's dissembler (disguiser), and perhaps further, is to speak, for which we see the word verb.

Verb is a noun meaning to speak, to command, to express.

The etymon of ignorance is contradictory, since it's both not to know, and to disregard, the latter which requires knowing the object in question. In Law, to ignore is an action always performed in full knowledge. To not know is to be nescient.

The etymon of the adjective free is dear, beloved, from the further root meaning to love.

A predator was first a thief, while a scavenger was originally a tax collector from the root meaning of to inspect.

A judge was first a war leader vested with temporary power.

The etymon of massacre is of unknown origin, perhaps because the people it originated from were massacred.

A villein is not normally a villain. A villein is a commoner, a farmer, a tenant in a feudal system of property.

The etymon of the lie has always been true to itself — a lie has always meant a lie. If you're going to lie, get this right — always stick to the facts. Don't make yourself a sitting target.

A lie must string a cohesive narrative from acknowledgement, to preface, to introduction, to main body including all actors and actions and motives, and leading explicitly to now.

The etymon of now being older than that of past is ironic in the latter's more recent sense used in humour, but the etymon of ironic is simply affected ignorance.

The etymon of future is "yet to be," as it has always been, so we see "be" whose etymon is both to exist, and to come into being, which is paradoxical.

The meaning of paradox has never been ambiguous. The earliest sense for time is to cut up, divide.

For fallacy, meaning to deceive, see fail.

To fail is to err, make a mistake, and not succeed thus to be lacking and come to an end of that which runs out, a miss that lets down and disappoints, and to be dying, thereby. But before that it meant simply to trip, thus cause to fall, and figuratively to deceive.

To fall in Old English, at the depth of it's straying from the meaning to drop from a height, meant to die, however it's deepest root simply does mean to fall. Does that make you wonder about the fall of Man...?

To release means the opposite of to re-lease. Release means to withdraw, revoke, cancel and originally to loosen, stretch out. Stretch out something far enough, and it is out of sight and out of mind.

Lease is a contract conveying right in property, though prior from to let, allow, bequeath, leave, and also originally from loosen.

Ronald means decreeing powers, Mac means son, and Donald means ruler of the world...

Ronald McDonald means the decreeing powers of the son of the ruler of the world. Ya Super Size me like in the good old days...

The homonym of fess (a band across a shield on which a coat of arms is depicted) in French is ass.

The homonym of nay meaning no in French means nose, or to be born.

The homonym of bush in French is mouth.

The homonym of ill in French is island.

The homonym of bless in French means to harm.

The homonym of crash in French means to spit.
The homonym of the French for mass (the assembly) is mess, making it doubly true; that for sin in French means to fish.

The homonym in French of pose, as in a question, is to take pause, as in to reflect.

The homonym of flesh in French means arrow.

The homonym of flat in French means to vaunt.

The homonym of pat in French means a leg.

The homonym of blues in French is a shirt.

The homonym of men in French is the verb to lead.

The homonym of pet in French is fart which applies to a cat I've known that has spent a lot of time on my lap. Laughing my ass off at how bad a cat fart can smell makes it impossible for me to smell the fart, till I stop laughing, which makes me start laughing all over again when it grabs me.

Did you know the Great Pyramid encodes pi and phi, the precession of the equinox by facing the Guardians of Heaven on spring equinox, which marks the beginning of the Hebrew calendar, and the speed of light, the second as the time it takes for the earth to rotate about its axis the length of the base of the Great Pyramid, which also encodes the meter from which the cubit was derived?

Contrary to much disinformation, the actual construction of the Pyramids is not *that* difficult. What is a far greater feat of engineering is locating it as a function of celestial geometry imprinted in terrestrial geography along with the aforementioned encoding.

There are these 21 ancient cites that encircle the earth, located along a roughly 100 km wide band as long as the equator, and that point to magnetic north not geographic north:

Easter Island
Paracas
Nazca
Sacsayhuaman
Cuzco
Machi Pichu
Ollantaytambo
Parataori
Dogon Country
Tassili N'ajjer
Siwa
Giza
Petra
Ur
Persepolis
Mohenjo Daro
Khajuraho
Pyay
Sukhothai
Angkor Wat
Preah Vihear

The constellations of the Zodiac locate us in the universe. Each star moves 1° every 72 years, and a complete orbit of earth takes 26,000 years. The pyramids precisely signal the equinoxes again and again. Using the Great Pyramid for alignment on the equinox the following four constellations form a square whose diagonals imbed symbols from the ancients:

Aquarius (angel)	Scorpio (eagle)
Taurus (bull)	Leo (lion)

The brightest stars in each constellation used to be known collectively as the four guardians of heaven:

Aldebaran in Taurus
Regulus in Leo
Antares in Scorpio
Fomalhaut in Pisces today, but previously in Aquarius

These four stars keep a steady relation to each other, so they are the base for calendars.
The winged bull is the Babylonian representation of the Taurus-Scorpio axis.

The man's head on the body of a lion, the Sphinx, is the Aquarius-Leo axis of ancient Egypt.
The Sphinx gazes continuously at the stars that mark the precession of the equinox.

The sphinx's gaze points to Regulus in Leo, and the Arabic name for lion's heart — Regulus.

Regulus means little king, related to regal, register, regulate...

The book of the prophet Ezekiel begins with a so-called vision of this astronomical property. He consulted the Zodiac.

If you read the following, you must be familiar with legal terms, or you will likely misinterpret more than a few. Legalese, or Court English, is a foreign language devised to deceive. It is impossible to study law with consulting several legal dictionaries, and Webster's 1828, and The Holy Bible. Reading the principal works of Immanuel Kant is highly recommended.

That said this is where I see the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms made clear by general rules of usage.

All government legislation is their copyright protected baby. They can rock it to sleep every night. It's nothing but vampire, an energy sink hole. So if I point out to you that there is a hole in the ground ahead of you, am I using the hole whether you fall in or stop and go around it?

§6.(1) Every citizen of Canada has the right to enter, leave and remain in Canada.

The Oxford comma is omitted. If the Oxford comma had been invoked, we would have read: Every citizen of Canada has the right to enter, leave, and remain in Canada. Clear does not imply simple.

If you are a citizen of Canada, you hold identity papers. If you hold a valid passport, you may physically leave and re-enter geographical Canada. There you may remain. If the Oxford comma had been in the writing, leaving, and remaining in geographical Canada would legally be separate sequential actions. You could not do both at the same time.

Why is that important?

With the Oxford comma omitted as is the case, the man or woman may revoke the passport of his person, and the eligibility thereto, meaning citizenship, AND remain on the geographical landmass commonly known as Canada.

If the Oxford comma had been used, slavery of the person would have been permanent, and there would be no way for freedom of the man or woman from government to get established. That comma is the most important punctuation mark in any document applicable to men and women of Canada. If not, show which has greater reach.

Put another way, if the Oxford comma had been used, and a Federal citizen of Canada were to revoke citizenship, they would then be considered a foreign invader without nationality, and ipso facto an enemy of the state. The authors of the Charter left us four other outs: the charter applies only to government, the notwithstanding clause makes every piece of legislation by Parliament void on the face, and the Charter says God's law is supreme. If God's law is supreme, then man's law which is not in accord with it is a nullity. Just don't consent.

The procedure to both remain in, and leave Canada is by revoking one's citizenship and establishing a peace accord or treaty with the State, vacating all presumptions of jurisdiction but of the Creator the Lawgiver, foreclosing all further administration of all possible commercial controversies, renouncing to all State benefits and duties or obligations, that is to say, going beyond a mere civil death, but saying the fiction is fraud voided as a nullity from the outset and forever, saying the man lives on with faith in the Lawgiver and accepting all as sinners and accepting the truth of the first and great commandment, and the second like unto it.

The kicker is the State requires it on paper. Selah.

Surprising though it may seem, Canada is water, not land. There is not a square inch of land defined in Federal legislation as being Canada. There are Canada Lands of Her Majesty in right of Canada in the Yukon, Northwest Territories, and Nunavut, excluding lands given back to Cree-Naskapi (of Québec), Sechelt, Kanesatake Mohawk, and settlement land of Yukon First Nations people, or any others the Government of Canada has the power to dispose. There are three provinces of Canada -- the Yukon, Northwest Territories, and Nunavut -- as defined in the Interpretation Act, 1985.

The ten so-called provinces are legally States, and the Federal government does not legally or legitimately exist, and has not since 1931 through the Statute of Westminster.

Then there's the Statute Law Revision Act 1893, UK, which had the effect upon the death of Queen Victoria in 1901 of foreclosing conveyance of the Crown to Her Majesty's heirs and successors, meaning by implication authority in the Crown went to the creditor, and the creditor was and is The Bank of England, which is a property of the Rothschilds, which incidentally also holds Title to Israel through the Balfour Agreement of 1931, even the British had no more right to grant Palestine to these so-called Jews than my cat has the authority to sell an acre on the moon to my neighbour's dog.

Going back from that the British North America Act was a fraud from the outset for three reasons: the Colonial Office altered the preamble without authority and without the consent of delegates representing the people on the land, the Bill never was submitted to final reading, and the cover page which showed the fraudulent alteration of the preamble was never printed for dissemination to the provinces.

Québec, in 1968 by the dissolution of the Legislative Assembly and the Legislative Council, and the institution of the National Assembly, in abject violation of the British North America Act 1867, took up the offer of the Statute of Westminster. Since Chapter E-20.2, Québec says it's a Nation, a State. But it has no Constitution and no consent from the citizens except by the accident of them being born or naturalized there.

Then there's CANADA, a private, foreign-owned, for-profit, limited-liability municipal corporation domiciled at CANADIAN

EMBASSY 501 PENNSYLVANIA AVE NW, WASHINGTON, DC. registered at the Securities and Exchange Commission with Central Index Key 0000230098, and CANADA domiciled at 1746 MASSACHUSETTS AVE NW, WASHINGTON, DC. GOVERNMENT OF CANADA is also traded as CANADIAN EMBASSY, but this is the kicker: GENERAL SECRETARIAT OF THE ORGANIZATION OF AMERICAN STATES is also traded as CANADIAN EMBASSY. Government of Canada is a different corporation, domiciled at 111 Wellington St, Ottawa, ON.

Articles of Confederation, 1788:

XI.

"Canada acceding to this confederation, and adjoining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted into, and entitled to all the advantages of this Union; but no other colony shall be admitted into the same, unless such admission be agreed to by nine States."

Canada became a State of the United States.

In 1789, Military Dictator George Washington divided the States (see Estate, meaning, in one word, property) into Districts.

The Canadian Economic Measures Act provides the definition of Canadian as within the Citizenship Act, which makes your person a citizen of the Commonwealth and a British subject.

A subject is a servant or slave of the sovereign to whom allegiance describes Feudalism.

Read the Canadian Ownership and Control Determination Act, 1985, which provides the procedure for a person to make application to the Minister of Natural Resources for beneficial ownership in a person. That's slavery, which had been abolished in the Colony in 1793, by an Act of the UK Parliament.

What's worse for Federal Citizens of THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA is that from the Trading with the Enemy Act 1916 as amended at 48 Stat 1, Section 1, Clause 1, all such are enemies of the State/STATE. Now you know why cops shoot people with impunity.

Further, the 13th and 14th Amendments did not free Black slaves. They abolished the several States and made slaves of all citizens. It wasn't emancipation they should have accepted, but manumission.

The US is an assembly of jurisdictional Districts administrating perpetual bankruptcy out of the foreign territory and City State of Washington, District of Columbia.

We The People is a Title vested in Congress assembled in Washington, D.C. We The People does not include Federal or State citizens who are not members of Congress.

There are further delusions people have about the state of authority over and of citizens within the geographic land mass America.

The Constitution (in any form of spelling) does not apply to you because you as a citizen at the Federal level are not party to it because you plainly never signed it. It's that simple. The Constitution(1789)/CONSTITUTION(1871) is an internal memo of the Crown representing the Four Inns of Court operating from the City of London, which is itself a jurisdiction superior to that of the British monarchy. The City of London was never conquered by William Hastings when the rest of England fell to him. The merchants of the City of London held too much shipping power, and their stronghold held.

The 2nd Amendment provides the right for citizens within a militia to bear arms. A militia is a branch of government. The 2nd Amendment provides license for government to defend itself against anyone engaged in treason and sedition against the Federal government. It is not a granting of authority for a man or woman who is a Federal citizen to defend themselves against illegal and unconstitutional government.

Then there's the further problem of the original 13th Amendment which forbade holders of titles of nobility or honours to enter public office. The War of 1812 and the burning of the original White House was a pretext for destroying the original 13th Amendment, but proof of its prior existence has been established.

The original 13th Amendment would have foreclosed all members of the Bar Association from holding office. Bar

Association members are no better than the den of thieves and vipers derided and denounced in the Bible. They *are* the den of thieves and vipers derided and denounced in the Bible.

Has it occurred to you that Scripture is thee international passport? Any country that requires a legal government issue passport for entry and no other form of passport, a country that does not honour the Law in Scripture, such no man ought to set foot on, for there is desolation and abomination and reproach unto the Almighty.
